

Unfinished

by Kathryn Hart

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Summary: Rose makes an early Christmas gift for the Doctor. A short Ten/Rose canon fic about life, love, and taking advantage of every happy moment together, for one never knows when it will inevitably end...

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Ten/Rose (Series 2)

\_"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of."\_

\_~Benjamin Franklin\_

\_"Owch!"\_ The Doctor was in the console room when Rose's cry reverberated in the time and space ship. So surprised was he by the exclamation that he hit his head on the console from under which he was working. Once he heard the pained shout of his dearest friend all rational thoughts were wiped from his head.

He ran headlong down the corridors of the TARDIS, begging his ship to lead him to her. In his mind he heard the ship hesitate, which only made his desperation grow. Finally a door appeared in front of him, which he almost smacked into head first. Abandoning any sense of decency, he burst through it to the other side, finding himself in the den. He saw Rose visibly jump in shock at the loud noise of the door crashing open.

She looked fine, not hurt, not dying. Her bright hair was slightly mussed, and her big brown eyes gazed at him in surprise and something

like amusement. He relaxed, until he realised he must have looked a little (a lot) foolish.

"Is something wrong?" she asked, innocence all over her face, like she hadn't scared the daylights out of him. If he ever lost her...\_no\_. He couldn't bear to think about that, not now, not ever.

"N-no." He stammered, face reddening. "J-just heard you shout, 'is all." He gestured behind him in a half attempt to hide his complete overreaction. "Door was unlocked." At that Rose glared up at the ceiling.

"I asked you to keep him out!" Confusion filled the Doctor's eyes as he saw the mental image his ship gave them both, the thought of \_"he was obsessively concerned for your well-being, nearly blew a blood vessel trying to find you." \_ made him blush again. Rose let out a little giggle, which didn't help his embarrassment.

"Are you okay?" He asked as he ran a hand through his thick, unruly brown hair, remembering the reason why he was out of breath and standing awkwardly in front of his companion.

"Oh, that. Yeah, just poked myself with a needle." She lifted up her forefinger and the Doctor could see a tiny trickle of blood. Nothing life-threatening. She let out a little laugh. "Guess you're not the only one overreacting, I was a bit loud, wasn't I?" He nodded, not trusting himself to come up with a good reply.

"What are you doing?" he asked bluntly, noticing her hiding something in the crease of the armchair she was sitting on. She tried to act like she wasn't but realised he wasn't leaving.

"It was supposed to be a surprise." She shook her head as he continued to stand there, staring at her like a loon. "Well, come on then, I'll show you." Slowly gaining more confidence, he strode over behind the sofa, so he could see over her shoulder what Rose was working on.

"It's a sort of tea cozy, for your cup," she said, holding it out so he could see it better. "y'know, the white one you always use?" He nodded as he cocked his head to look at it, his eyes taking in every stitch. It was quilted TARDIS blue, and only about half-finished. "I was going to give it to you for Christmas." She added, with a touch of nervousness, he noticed.

"But we just had Christmas a few months ago." Indeed, the red trainers she had given him then had been a welcome change from his white ones, which weren't quite white anymore.

"I know, but it always takes me so long to finish stuff like this, I thought I'd get a head start." She winced as she stabbed herself with the needle again. She scowled in frustration as she noticed blood now running down her thumb. "Mum's a way better seamstress than I am."

"I bet she is. Here." The Doctor pulled a band-aid out of his pocket and slowly wrapped it around her thumb. She giggled, seeing it had kittens on it.

"Thought you hated cats." She commented. He didn't reply, only leaned in closer to her. She looked up and started at how near he was to her face. "Thanks," She whispered, losing her voice at their sudden closeness. There was a silent moment as they stared into each others' eyes, Rose in her chair and the Doctor leaning over her from behind. Did she imagine the Doctor's eyes flicker down to her lips for half a second?

Rose turned away abruptly, quickly changing the subject to keep her own face from reddening.

"It's not very good." She said, referring to her creation.

"Nonsense." The Doctor rebutted, his hearts still racing from how close their faces had been, how easily he could've closed the distance... "Just slip this stitch through here and then tie it off, and you've finished the row." He pointed to the specific spot as he spoke so she would know where he was referring to. Rose did as he said and gaped at it. It still had a ways to go, but his actions had surprised her.

"Is there anything you don't do?"

"Just mini-golf and sushi." He replied, chuckling.

"Ooh, mini-golf, I haven't done that since I was a kid." She said with that tongue sticking out of her teeth. The Doctor wanted to take that tongue into his mouth so badly, but he held back.

"Don't get any ideas, Blondie." He ruffled her hair, knowing she hated it and laughing as she smacked him away. After that, she set her project onto the end table beside her.

"I can't look at this any longer. Come on." She stood up. "We should go back to mum's." She looked back at the Doctor and giggled at the pout on his face. "I have laundry for her to do." She stretched her arms above her head and let out an endearing little squeak. He purposefully ignored the sight of her bare stomach peeking out of her shirt.

"But Roooose." he drew her name out like a disgruntled toddler and sank his chin further into the head of the couch, "we have a washer and dryer on board!"

"I know, but it does mum good to make her feel needed."

"Yeah, because she loves washing your dirty clothes." He muttered under his breath. Rose ignored him.

"Besides, I want to give her that Bazoolium thingie we picked up at the Yitari Marketplace. I just know she'll love it." She looked at her best friend, who was still leaning over the chair, staring at her with a wistful look on his face. "Are you coming?"

"Give me a minute, I'll catch up." She nodded and walked towards the door, pulling her phone out of the pocket of her jeans.

"Alright, that'll give me a chance to order some sushi for lunch, there's this great place near the Estates that Mickey and I used to

go to all the time back when we wereâ€" she ducked as a throw pillow came at her.

"Get outta here!" The Doctor yelled in jest, and she ran out, her laughter echoing around the corridors. Shaking his head and chuckling, he climbed over the chair and picked up the half-finished cozy. He turned it over, being careful not to unravel the stitches. He grinned, before placing it back on the end table.

He rushed out to catch up to his beloved companion, the incomplete gift seeming to watch him as he left.

Rose never got a chance to finish it.

\* \* \*

><p>"I made you tea, just how you like it." Clara said as she heard the Doctor enter the kitchen. Her back was turned from him but she could imagine the look on his weathered face, the way his silver hair gleamed in the artificial light. "No cream, three sugars." As opposed to his last form who had preferred two creams and no sugar (not that he had needed sugar anyway).<p>

But she had adapted, in more ways than one. "By the way, I found these darling tea cozies in the very back of the top drawer," With that she turned to the time lord standing behind her and handed him his cup. "I gave you the blue one, y'know...for the TARDIS." She wrapped her hands around her own dark red and gold one and frowned at the shocked look on the Doctor's face. "What is it?" His eyes seemed fixated on his cup.

The Doctor hadn't seen this specific tea cozy in years.

He had finished it for her weeks after he had first lost her, when she had nearly been lost in the void but had ended up being lost to him forever anyway.

At first it had been too hard to even look at, but soon he used it every day as a way to make himself not forget (and Martha had never understood why the Doctor had never let her touch it). He had even made some of his own, the feeling of completing them filling the hole in his chest like nothing else could. Not playing the same songs they used to dance to, not visiting the old planets they used to go to, no, nothing felt as good as finishing off that last stitch, something she had never been able to do.

But after he had regenerated, all of them had migrated to the back of the drawer to gather dust and be forgotten. Until now.

At first he felt angry. Clara had gone through his personal things without any sense of boundaries. But yet at the same time it didn't surprise him, having known her for nearly three years now.

Then he was hit with a wave of overwhelming sadness, something he had grown accustomed to in his tenth life but hadn't felt for hundreds of years, at least not for \_her. \_Those same feelings of regret for things left unsaid and stolen futures rose up in his throat, nearly making him choke. It was something he hadn't felt in lifetimes but was as familiar as trying on an old favorite pair of red shoes.

He could still see her face, her fair hair, her expressive brown eyes whenever she teased him. The way her feet bounced in her sneakers in excitement every time they landed on a new planet. The feeling of her warm fingers gripping his cold hand as they ran together across ground, in space and time, leaving their mark on the universe. All as clear as day, as if it had all happened yesterday, and not forever ago.

\_"The stuff of legend."\_

He hoped she had had a happy, fantastic life, as he had wished her to, \_so long ago\_.

With that thought, lastly he was filled with a sense of peace. He gripped his mug tighter and resolved to himself not to let this tea cozy go into hiding again. Clara was still staring at him in confusion, her fingers stroking the stitches on the cozy he had made back when he was young, both in heart and spirit. He felt so old now, but yet, just one thought of her was enough to keep him going, as it always had before.

"Nothing," He replied to Clara's question in his thick, Scottish accent. "Everything's \_fantastic."\_

\_\*\*END\*\*\_

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file.